# Did He Kidnap Her? By M. Quad.

nights were lonely. Money can compensate for many things, but not for a wife.

"Yes," continued Giles, as he reached for his old clay pipe and filled the bowl of it with the dried leaves of a hazel bush as a substitute for tobacco, "I am going to bring a wife here. Then will follow, a cat-perhaps a canary-then some decent meals and a happy home. I don't know who she will be yet, that must depend upon circumstances. But I will get some one and I'll keep her here if I have to the her up with rope. That's flat, old man, and don't you forget it."

At about the some hour, in the village of Dawson, Mary Parker, old maid and twenty-nine years old, sat talking with her mother.

"Mary," said the mother, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but both your father and me are bitterly disappointed in you."

"Is it the same old story?" asked the

"It is." was the reply. "You don't get married. You are going on thirty years old, and you haven't had a beau yet. I say it is almost scandalous, with you being such a good housekeeper as you

sav it is almost scandalous, with you being such a good housekeeper as you are."

"You may call it scandalous or anything else, mother, but I have no chance with the other girls and you know that as well as I do. I can cook, mend and wash, but I am so dreadfully homely, if you were a man and looking for a wife would you ask me to marry you, or run away at sight of my face?"

"Un! You aln't so very homely."

"No use to say that, mother, while I have a glass to look into. I survey myself every day and I think I grow more homely as the days pass away. No man will ever ask me to be his wife. I have not over thinking of that and shall bear toy misfortune as bravely as I can."

"But there is Giles Stebbins," said the mother after a brief slience.

"Why, he is more bornely than I am," ruefully laughed Mary." I shall wait a hindred years, if necessary, for some other man to come along.

"They say he is getting well off."

"And it may be true but that is no

her man to come along."
They say he is getting well off."
And it may be true, but that is no moneastion for his looks. He always minds me of a scarcerow hung on a

ant down and took a long look at herself in the glass. By and by she said to herself:

"Yes, that is my homely face and it will be hemelier as I grow older. I ought to have found a husband long ago, hemely as I am, but none came along. Have I got to go on living this way while all the girls are steeping off and getting homes and husbands? No! I'm snummed if I do." I'll put myself in the way of heing kidnaped. I have read of such cases as mine over and over, and they always turned out for the best. At least, if some man tried to kidnap me I wouldn't shriek and ery for help. Maybe he will be a romantic man and marry me without looking into my face too closely. I never heard of anyone being kidnaped in the village of Imwson, but anything is liable to havened at my time. I'll take a little walk through the streets tomorrow evening and see if something won't occur. With a new hat on and a vefl hiding my face I think I can pass muster."

I'm m mighty glad of it, for I know you are a good housekeeper and one of the best looking girls in town."

"And I am so glad it is you," she relief frugal remast. Gles Stebbins hitched the old white mare to the top huggy and then doned his Sunday suit and started for the village of Dawson. There was no treat hurry to arrive, for it was early yet and so the old mare took the road at a sober pace.

"Yes, I am going to be a kidnaponer and a husband," said Glies to himself as he took in great hurry to arrive, for it was early yet and so the old mare took the road at a sober pace.

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At about nine o'clock the other morning a long, lean, dejected looking man was observed standing with his back to the street door leading up to a dentist's office. He tried to appear calm and composed, but a score of pedestrians knew what alied him and quietly chuckled as they passed on.

"Gosh hang it, but I believe I am an idio." I not only believe it, but I know I am. Here am I most thirty years old, and still am a bachelor instead of have here willed and still am a bachelor instead of have here miles from the town of Dawson. Outside it was raining heavily, and before him in the old stone fireplace a fire of wet wood smoked and sputtered in an agravating way. For six years hand kept bachelor's hall, and this booted away from the door.

"No dos—no cat—no wife;" he muttered as he looked into the fire and then gave the wood a vicious kick. "I ought to booted away from the door.

"No dos—no cat—no wife;" he muttered as he looked into the fire and then gave the wood a vicious kick. "I ought to have been a fool and to pay for it. I am too homely to go accourting like other men, but I ought so like the bed and sweep up this litter on the hoors, but I have been a fool and had to pay for it. I am too homely to go accourting like other men, but I ought so like the bed and sweep up the litter on the hoors, but I have been a fool and had to pay for it. I am too homely to go accourting like other men, but I ought so like the will be to be the will be to pay for it. I am too homely to go accourting like other men, but I ought so like the will be to be the like to be the cooking and with a but had been know. Yes, by Rolly, and I'll either be a married man with in the next fortugish or I'll be in jail awaiting my trial as a kidnapper. It's again the law to kidnap a woman, but in the pay to go to take them know. Yes, by Rolly, is many trial as a kidnapper. It's again the law to kidnap a woman, but in meant for a man to cook his own meals and have fried pork at every one of them, he had to be a law to be a law to had a law to had





Rowser, "All their armies welcome Americans and give them due credit for their bravery and fishling. It is very easy for an American to get for their bravery and fishling. It is very easy for an American to get over there if he wants to go."

Mr. Bowser looked at the rin a curious sort of manner, and after a walk across the room and hack, he said: "Mrs. Bowser, for the list six months I have wanted to go so had that I dreamed of It. No such chances has ever occurred to me in all the years before. I have been on the point of speaking of it a hundred times, but the fear that it might set you to worrying has kept me silent. We have a sword hanging up in the library. It may not be the sword of Bunker Hill—I think I bought it of a lunkman for a dollar—but the sign it on, the field of battle. Withding it on the field of battle. Withding it of the field

"And the histories will be full of their names for acores of years to come."

"Even the women have carried the flag in some of the battles," said Mrs. Bowser.

"I have read so," was the reply, "and I honor them for it, but, of course, this is no women's war. They must let the husbands don't want to do the fighting."

"I can't suppose the hisbands don't want to do the fighting."

"I can't suppose anything of the sort. Mrs. Bowser is there even a man in this neutral country whose blood does not run faster as he thinks of builtet and shell and the shouts of victory." Not one. He knows there are wounds and death on the battlefield, but there is also glory and fame. By George, Mrs. Bowser, but what a chance."

"And you will take advantage of it? I have so longed to but you see I can't go."

"But why."

"Because we are in a neutral country and I can't fight for either side. Oh, if I only could."

"But plenty of men have gone over there from this country," said Mrs. Bowser was nonplussed. Mrs. Bowser was nonplussed writing that he should go to war. He had no desire to go to war. Even if called upon to defend his own country he wouldn't have been any too quick about it. He were line when the conversal in Mrs. Howser's line was line Mrs. Bowser been any too quick about it. He



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"Where you like to go, old mans."
"Novere," I says.
"But you hold oop your hand und ladder at work on der front of a store. On der ladder vhas n sign of Take Care." I don't like dot painter to fall und break some bones. So I goes out into der street to pass him by I vhas shust going to step on der side-walk, when a cab came und knocks me down."

"Hi-hi! Vhat you doing in der street calls the driver to me."
"I vhas taking care." I says.
"The devil you whas," said the man as he drove off.
"Hans, whas I a foot? Don't dot take care mean that I shouldn't run agin', the ladder? Don't it mean dot I shall walk softly out in der street und not make dot painter's wife a poor widow womans."
"Many pe. I says.
"You know it does, you old byens you," says Mr. Snider, "und den he shuts oop for about five minutes, I got out on der platform und gives der conductor a nod. He don't, stop der car und I shumps off und lands on my head, lie comes und picks me oop und says:
"What you do 'dot for."
"Because I vhants to get off. "Be why don't you say so."
"But I gave you a nod."

"With satisfaction, and I went off to weapons. I don't think he found any-

